

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

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N. R. P. A.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

*. Now is the time to shoot candidates. The woods are full of 'em.

*. At last a sensible Judge has been found. Judge Carter, of Asheville, has decided that a "mule is a deadly weapon."

*. "Shall we have a Force Bill?" is a question that a number of our exchanges are asking. Not if the People's party wins.

*. The Raleigh Signal is still working vigorously and earnestly against the putting out of a State ticket by the Republican party.

*. Bro. C. E. King, who has been with R. J. Powell & Co., as clerk, for three years, will hereafter be found with C. O. Ball & Co., in this city.

*. We have heard of "horse shows." The Carthage Blade calls the recent People's party convention in Moore county "an animal show." We guess the "sun do move."

*. Our exchanges say that politics are quite warm now. It may be news to some of the old party fossils to inform them that the weather has also been quite warm for two months.

*. If the People's party is such a "small affair," and "growing smaller every day," why is it that the politicians all look like they have been losing sleep, hair, teeth and other things?

*. The Durham Recorder attempted to crow a little over the news from Alabama, and by mistake put the cut of a hen in the paper instead of a rooster. Bro. Hackney should know that the crowing of a hen is an ill omen.

*. Major Zeke Bilkins was in the city last Wednesday. He says he thinks the "Democratic craze" is about dead in his township, and that the people will vote the straight People's party ticket. Zeke is looking splendid.

*. The Wilmington Messenger wants to know whether or not Col. T. B. Long, of Asheville, won his title in the army. We wish to remind Col. Dr. Kingsbury that he has not denied the rumor that he used the pulpit for a rifle pit during the war.

*. But did they hold on to Col. Harry Skinner with a deathlike grip while he was a Democrat? Then he was a powerful good man. Now he is the "meanest man on earth." Consistency, oh consistency, thou art not a part of the Democratic party.

*. The latest news is that the strikers at Carnegie's Steel works will win the victory. Organized workmen everywhere are aiding them. It is said that Carnegie is losing \$50,000 per day. Alliancemen in the West are sending flour to the striking men.

*. The old party moneycrats continue to declare that the silver dollars are only worth 66 cents. Bring them along. Every one will get THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER a year. Now for a bargain. You get the best paper in North Carolina a year for only 66 cents.

*. Although Senator Vance has deceived the farmers of North Carolina,

nevertheless he has said some smart things during his life. He once said: "The Democratic party can be depended upon to act the fool at the right time on every occasion." That is true as gospel.

*. "James Murdock," whose letters in this paper have been very interesting, writes us that he is willing to go on the stump and discuss reform issues jointly or otherwise. He prefers to stay in the mountain counties and speak indoors. All he asks is actual expenses. Address him at Bryson City, N. C., if you want a speaker.

*. The Greenville Reflector is "greatly surprised" because Mr. E. A. Moye, of Pitt county, has gone over to the People's party, especially as he holds a county office, to which he was elected as a Democrat. We think his course very commendable. It shows that he has the courage of his convictions, and no office will tempt him to remain silent.

*. The Rocky Mount Phoenix has the name of Weaver and Field up at its masthead and the Democratic State ticket under it. Bro. Lewis, we think your heart is right, but you are badly mistaken. The State candidates will work and vote against Weaver. You will put in one vote for Weaver and dozens against him with the other hand. Don't do that.

*. Fellow-citizens, the State Alliance has gone and done it. The PROGRESSIVE FARMER didn't wait to hear from anybody (it never does) but went ahead and endorsed the St. Louis platform, because we knew it was good Alliance doctrine. The next thing we did was to begin putting in lies for the only party that stands on that platform. Now the State Alliance has backed us up and we know it was right.

AND THEY WHISTLE.

The Republicans have lost hope in the State. The Democrats are whistling to keep up their courage. They are continually reporting the outlook good. All newspapers making such reports would make good circulation editors, for they know that the g. o. p. is in a hopeless condition. The papers are making all kinds of statements about the Alabama election. All that is moonshine. Jones is either beaten or else elected by a very small majority. The papers report big crowds and much enthusiasm at speaking. This is incorrect. Most of those who go to Democratic speaking are not in sympathy. The paid and "whiskied" patriots do the yelling.

Meantime the only patriotic and earnest party—the People's—that has existed since the war, is going on at a rate that will wind up in success.

HORSE-BREEDERS' MEETING.

On the 17th and 18th of August there will be a meeting of horse breeders in Raleigh, and some fine races. "Pamlico," the fastest horse in North Carolina, will be on the track. There will be three races on the 17th; purse \$100 each. On the 18th four races—first three \$100 each; fourth, yearling, trotting, \$50.

On the night of the 17th a meeting will be held for the purpose of organizing a Breeders' Association.

Reduced rates are given on all railroads. This meeting will be of great interest to stock raisers and will doubtless be largely attended by them from all parts of the State. We are glad to see so much individual and collective effort being put forth in the stock-raising industry.

DEATH OF JUDGE DAVIS.

Hon. Joseph J. Davis, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, died at Louisville on the 7th. He was born in Franklin county April 13, 1828. He was educated at Wake Forest and at the University, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1850. He was captain of Company G, 47th Regiment; was captured at Gettysburg, July 3d, and was in prison until nearly the close of the war. He was in Congress from 1874 to 1880. He has been a Justice of the Supreme Court since 1887.

Judge Davis was a pure and upright man. Both his public and private life was above reproach. He was honest, fearless and modest, three virtues that shine above all others. His death is a great loss to the State and is sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

VERY GOOD FARMING.

The Concord Standard reports some very good farming by Mr. J. P. Allison, of that place, who is President of the Cabarrus County Fair Association. It says:

"Mr. Jno. P. Allison is doing more farming than many people are aware of. His wheat crop, just threshed, is the biggest yet reported and we doubt very much whether there is a crop in the county that is so large. 140 acres sown in wheat produced 1,707 bushels, or an average of 12 and one-fifth bushels to the acre; 65 acres sown in oats yielded 1,400 bushels, or an average of 17 bushels to the acre. This is a fine crop and is becoming to the President of the Fair Association."

MEETING OF STATE ALLIANCE.

After a three days' harmonious meeting at Greensboro, the State Alliance adjourned Thursday night last.

Dr. C. W. Macune and other prominent brethren made speeches during the meeting. Ninety-two of the ninety-six counties were represented by intelligent, earnest delegates.

Such of the proceedings as shall be made public will be furnished us by Bro. Barnes as soon as he can get through the minutes.

The St. Louis platform was adopted unanimously and enthusiastically. THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER was re-endorsed as organ of the State Alliance. The resignation tendered sometime ago had not been accepted by the State Alliance. We again thank the body for a renewal of their courtesy and confidence. The success of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER is due to the fact that it has kept in "the middle of the road" regardless of consequences. While the people who we represent were striving to get what they needed through their respective parties we gave them whatever aid we could. When the National Alliance decided that a new party was necessary, we began to work for it, for it was plain that it was the right thing to do. In accepting the organ ship once more we do so without any restrictions. If we think best to condemn or approve any party, we shall do so. The welfare of our constituents shall be our object at all times. Neither love nor fear shall influence our course at any time. For the Alliancemen who agree with us and those who do not, we have nothing but the kindest feeling.

HOW IT LOOKS.

At last the political guns have begun to boom. They are loaded with a little tariff essence and wadded with force bills, scraps of old iron, rotten eggs, false teeth, wigs, bad grammar, bad English, disconsolate faces, forced cheerfulness, big promises, ridicule, rotten planks, hoarseness, prayers, oaths, charges against the other parties, charges against the Alliance, lies in favor of Cleveland, lies against Weaver and Harrison, plow points, hayseed, snake skins, raw potatoes, what the last Congress did, "what the Democratic party would have done if it had had 149 majority instead of 148 in the last Congress" glass eyes, spectacles, Barlow knives, and malaria watermelons. The Democratic press are loading the guns, the State candidates and Senator Ransom are doing the shooting. Meantime the people are eating barbecue and laughing in their sleeves.

GENERAL NOTES.

Pasquotank county convention of the People's party was entirely satisfactory. All the townships except one were represented, and harmony prevailed.

Swain county has held a big mass-meeting and nominated a full county ticket and delegates to the State Convention.

Montgomery county has fallen into line at last. A People's party convention has been held and delegates to the State and Congressional Conventions elected. A convention to nominate county officers has been called to meet in Troy on September 3d.

Mr. Jas. Bond is chairman of the People's party in Bertie county. The county is being organized, and a convention called to meet in Windsor on the first Wednesday in September.

HOW IT IS.

Among others, Tom Watson has published figures showing that the per capita in circulation in 1866 was about \$52 and has dwindled down to \$472 now. Governor Northern, of Georgia, has written to Secretary Foster for the facts. His letter and Foster's reply were published in the Atlanta Journal of the 10th. Foster says the per capita in 1866 was only \$18.99, and gives figures to show that it has ranged along at from \$15 to \$22 every year since, until this year it is \$23.41.

Everybody knows this is a lie. There was at least five times as much money in circulation just after the war as is now. No doubt there is more money in existence now than was then, but it is locked up in the bank vaults and coffers of millionaires. What we need is a fresh supply of money and laws to keep it from being stolen from the people.

CONGRESS HAS ADJOURNED.

"Congress adjourned last night," was the glad news that came over the wires the other morning.

It is well that it did. Most of the session had been uninteresting, and none of it profitable to the voters of the country. The members drew their \$14 per day with much regularity. Often they were not in their seats. They quarreled and cursed, drank and ate, met and adjourned, went to the races, played cards, bet on the races, talked politics, passed pension bills,

threatened to pass the force bill, discussed many good measures, but allowed them to be killed, made their constituents indignant, and at last adjourned to go home and help fool the people again, and they will do it if you vote for them.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

It is amusing to see old, gray-headed Congressmen and Senators crying out against the government ownership of railroads. Most of them make the great expense of buying them a plausible argument. Now let's see what those hypocrites have done. Since 1860—32 years—the American Congress has appropriated to railroads government land to the amount of three billion acres. Much of this land is valuable now, was when given to the railroads. Put the three billion acres at \$5 per acre, and we have the sum of fifteen billion dollars, which would more than pay for all the railroads in the United States, watered stock and all, for while the actual cost of the roads has not been above seven or eight billions, they are watered up to perhaps fifteen billions. Now give the man thunder who says we cannot buy the roads.

THE "WILD JUDGE FROM BORNEO."

The Virginia Sun reports Judge Green, of Danville, Va., as saying recently, "Any Democrat who will vote the Third party ticket is a coward, a scoundrel and a traitor, and should be hung."

Now, the sentiment expressed by the Judge is in keeping with the feelings of a great many so called Democrats, but they are not indiscreet enough to say so. His remarks were made at a ratification meeting just after the Chicago Convention.

What sort of a Judge is that? Would you expect his decisions on the bench to be just? Wouldn't such a fire eater allow partisan feeling to control his actions? Finally, is such a man any better than an anarchist? In fact he is an anarchist and dangerous to society.

THE GREAT CITIES.

New York, Brooklyn, and the Wonders They Contain.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

New York, Aug. 7.
In riding from Philadelphia to New York over the Reading Road, you would not suppose that New Jersey is the hot-bed of trusts, for the State shows up finely, but it is. The laws of New Jersey are such that nearly all the trusts have their headquarters in some of the cities and are incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey. Before reaching Jersey City, you begin to see how the swarming millions of people get into New York and out again. All the leading railroads have double tracks. After 6 o'clock in the morning trains run into Jersey City one minute apart. Immense ferry boats ply between that city and New York. We arrived in Jersey City at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. For thirty miles out going trains passed our train every minute. The people were going home. Tens of thousands do business in New York and Brooklyn, but live many miles out along the railroads and steamboat lines. In approaching New York from any direction you are in a perpetual city, so it is hard to tell when you really get into the city proper. However, you cross the Hudson river and get on Long Island, upon which the city is built. The population of New York is over 2,000,000; Brooklyn, 1,200,000. Nothing but East River divides the two cities, which are connected by Brooklyn Bridge. Jersey City, Hoboken and other cities are near by. So, in a space of say 50 miles square, there is a population of nearly five million souls. New York City entirely covers Long Island, which is fifteen miles in length and from one and a half to three miles in width. Every available foot of space, except streets and parks, is covered with buildings from three to twenty-two stories high. They are built of brick, granite, brown stone or marble. In the old part of the city the buildings are not very tall, except a few new ones. In the vicinity of the City Hall and Battery the buildings look ancient. Above 10th street there is a change. All sorts of fine buildings loom up. Nearly all the buildings are occupied by offices, stores or some kind of business concerns in the first stories. The upper floors are as full of people as a hive of bees. There is a small section of the city containing brown stone residences, but they belong to the very wealthy. A majority of the 2,000,000 people live in the upper stories of buildings or in "flats." Many of these flats are from ten to fourteen stories high. Apartments on the first and second floors rent very high, but the upper rooms are cheaper. Some of the "flats" are very stylish. But many who do business in New York live miles away. They come in every morning and go out again in time for supper.

The question is how do this immense number of people get about in such a small space? New York has 400,000 more people than the entire State of North Carolina. Put all the people in North Carolina in a space the size of New York and they couldn't move a wheel. New York people are accustomed to being crowded. Many of the streets have double street car lines, the cars run in 50 feet of each other both ways. They are always full. On Fifth Avenue, Bowery and other streets there are two lines of elevated trains and also surface car lines. They run the entire length of the city. Without the elevated roads the swarms of humanity could not be kept in motion. Suppose you live in the lower part of the city and wish to visit a person at the upper end—fifteen miles away. You can go on the surface cars, but it would take nearly all day to go and come. But you can go up stairs to the elevated road. Stations are only two blocks apart—buy a ticket for five cents, which is taken up before you enter the elevated train, and in one hour you can go to 155th street, only a few blocks from the upper end of the city. For five cents and in one hour you have made a trip that would require almost half a day if you went on a horse car, or if made in a cab or carriage would cost \$1. So it is plain that without elevated roads stagnation in travel would result in New York. In London, trains run under the city, but that is unpleasant travelling. On the elevated roads you are in the sunlight and can see the moving mass of humanity in the streets below and look into the thousands of windows in the "flats" you pass. I rode from the Battery to 155th street, came back to 60th street and went into Central park, went out at the eastern side and rode down Broadway four miles.

Everything moves systematically in New York. It is a mystery how the thousands of street cars, carriages, cabs, wagons, drays and pedestrians get around. The drivers are experts, however, and they never get frustrated. The street cars go fast, but they slow up in time to miss some vehicle. The streets are a solid mass of vehicles, all going their own way. They miss each other by just a fraction. It is a rare thing to see vehicles get tied up. Sometimes, however, several street cars and two or three dozen drays, cabs or other vehicles get tied up by attempting to all go in the space of one. But nobody gets mad nor fractious, and in a few moments all of them go sailing on their course. On Chambers street is where you will find the greatest rush. This runs along the wharf near the ferry landings for the great freight depots. Drays are so thick that no one ever attempts to cross the street.

Brooklyn is more closely built and crowded than New York. At the end of Brooklyn Bridge on that side there is a perfect pandemonium. All the street car lines center there, also elevated roads. I walked over Brooklyn Bridge. It is worth the walk, for the middle of the bridge is higher than the two cities and you get a birds-eye view of them as far as you can see. You also get a splendid sea breeze.

Thousands of poor people, who cannot afford a trip to the various summer resorts nor even to Central Park, go on the bridge for a little fresh air. The bridge is one mile long. It starts back a block or two in the city. The end of the bridge is utilized and contains large stores. The centre of the bridge is two hundred feet above the water. The foot way is in the middle. On either side of it cable cars run one after another, fare on them 3 cents. On the outside of the cable tracks are the driveways for vehicles. Pedestrians and vehicles go over free. The bridge cost eighteen million dollars and workmen were fourteen years building it. Four steel cables, fifteen inches in diameter, supported by stone piers, hold the bridge up. While in Brooklyn I went to see the Tabernacle, Dr. Talmage's church. It is a large edifice built of pressed brick and brown stone. An addition now being built is of marble. Dr. Talmage is in Russia, hence did not hear him preach. I attended services at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Catholic, not so much for the service as to see the church, which is the finest in the world. It cost three million dollars, and, strange to say, not a rich person belongs to the church. It was built by Irish servant girls and French maids chiefly. They contributed their earnings to the cause, to them so sacred. The Catholics are a wonderful people. Their devotion to their doctrines and perseverance entitles them to admiration, if nothing else. New York has many fine churches, but Brooklyn is the "city of churches." There is, I think, about one thousand churches in Brooklyn.

Near the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge you find the great metropolitan newspaper buildings. The World, Herald, Times, Sun, Mail and Express and other great newspapers are published there. To the green

country editor these offices are a great sight. The Herald is the leading newspaper in the universe, but for a young enterprise the World leads everything. When we remember that its owner was a tramp printer only a few years ago, it seems wonderful indeed. It made a big strike by erecting, near the end of Brooklyn Bridge, three years ago, the highest office building in the world. It is 22 stories high. From the cellar to the top is 375 feet. Several other periodicals, among them *Pennyroy's Advanced Thought*, are published in the same building. The World rents 149 apartments in the building to other concerns, and still has room for its army of employees. Not less than 5,000 people are on its pay-roll all the time, including newsboys. Several hundred editors, reporters, book-keepers, printers, etc., are employed right in the building. It is enough to make us North Carolina editors turn green to take a look at that building. The World publishes a morning and evening edition, and issues large extras several times a day, amounting to about 370,000 papers every day. The views from the top of the building is grand. You can go up the interminable stairways in about one hour, or take one of the eight elevators and reach the top in five seconds. The building is made of iron and steel and weighs 68,000,000 pounds. It contains 1,000 windows, 500 doors and enough iron to build 30 miles of railroad. Over 60,000 pounds of type are used in one day, set up by about two hundred printers. Ten thousand people go in and out of the building every day merely sight seeing.

All the great dailies issue several editions per day. More than 300 papers are published in New York City. The secret of Yankee success is reading. They are better posted than any people in the world. They read walking along, while eating, riding on street cars—everywhere. Every edition of a daily or weekly paper is eagerly seized and paid for just as a half starved man would seize food. They read the advertisements—everything in a paper. If the people of North Carolina would read as much for one year as Northern people of all classes, the State would be revolutionized. Our people ought to be ashamed to allow the few papers we have in the State to go along half starved like they do.

I made a tour of the Italian and Chinese sections. About 100,000 Italians are crowded in a few blocks. Many of them look fairly well, but others are badly dressed and have that fierce, desperate appearance that indicates viciousness and anarchy. A trip through that section is not enjoyable, for it is attended by considerable danger. The incessant chattering of foreign tongues, the music you hear and the smell of decaying fruit, all tends to confuse you. The streets and buildings are swarming with uncouth children and hideous-looking men and women.

The Chinese look more docile. They wear their pigtailed and Chinese dress, smoke opium joints and do pretty much as they do in China. They are largely engaged in laundry work, but as the shoemaker goes barefooted, they too, seem to neglect their own clothes.

The Turks are a tough-looking set. They dress in their own peculiar style, women and men dress alike.

From 10,000 to 15,000 foreigners land in New York sometimes in one month. It is not strange that you see all the nations in the world so fully represented.

The police force of New York is an army of fine-looking men. There are 8,000 of them. The Broadway police are rather duds, dress fine, wear diamonds and white gloves. Most of the policemen are gentlemen and attentive to strangers. But it is the hardest kind of a job for them to see an open saloon on Sunday or anything of the kind. Many of the saloons are open on Sunday, though.

A visit to New York is not complete unless you visit Coney Island, the most famous resort on earth. It is a city of hotels about 12 miles from the lower end of New York. There are hundreds of such places, but Coney Island is the centre of attraction. An average of 100,000 go out from New York every day in addition to those who spend the summer there. Steamboats carrying from 2,000 to 3,000 leave the Battery piers every half hour for Coney. Music is furnished on the boats and on the Island. You go out by Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, which is on a small island at the entrance of the harbor. The statue is 150 feet high, mounted on a pedestal 150 feet high, which makes a pretty tall woman. Miss Liberty holds an immense electric light above her head and "lights" at least a small portion of the world. Coney Island is a land of hotels, beer gardens, bathing houses, refreshment stands, merry-go-rounds, switch backs, tough people and respectable people. One of the curiosities is a hotel built in the shape of an elephant. It is seven stories high. You can go up to the top